

# BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

Vol. I.—No. 30.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday, November 15th, 1890.

Subscription, \$2 a Year.

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Editor

## Some Pious People the Worst Enemies to Prohibition.

In this section where there are not many Prohibition papers, I think an effort is made to lessen my influence by making it appear that I am an exception to the general rule of Prohibition editors, in that I say so much against religionists who are against Prohibition.

I think my complaint is common among Prohibition editors.

It's the pious man that gets us down. Prohibition is not afraid of saloon men, nor editors, nor of one kind of politicians. But there is another kind of politician that I must confess gets away with us.

The saloon man, the distiller and brewer, and the Republican and Democratic papers who back them, do not give us any trouble; and the regular liquor papers that are edited in that interest we hardly regard as worthy of attention. All of that gang we can clean out in the conflict of brains against brains, just like the Germans did up the French in the Franco-Prussian war. Then a politician like Senator Jo. Blackburn does not cause much uneasiness to the Prohibition managers. All we have to do for that class is to give them rope and they will hang themselves. Really the Prohibition party of Kentucky could just as well afford to give up George Bain as Jo. Blackburn. There's one little tale they tell about Senator Blackburn that makes as many Prohibitionists as one of Bain's best lectures.

The story represents Senator Blackburn as being away out West among the Indians. The Senator has only a quart left of the daily rations of Kentucky whisky with which he is in the habit of starting out on the business of each day. The Indian finds out the Senator has the whisky and offers him his gun for it. But Senator "Jo," as they all familiarly call him, will not even consider the proposition. Then the Indian offers the Senator his horse for the whisky, but it's no go; and then the Indian offers his farm for the whisky, and the Senator tells him that he has only the one quart and that he is ten miles from his supplies, and that he would not under those peculiar circumstances give that quart of whisky for the whole Indian Territory.

At this point it is supposed that one solid guffaw will rend the air from the throat of every saloon man, distiller, brewer, ward politician and Democratic editor all over the United States, and that "Jo's" return to the Senate is made all hunky for another term.

This Indian joke has gotten into this stereotyped matter that Lexington papers buy at 75 cents a yard and print in papers at \$9.00 a year. It takes about two and a half inches to tell this story about "Jo" and the Indian, and whenever a Kentucky Democratic paper's foreman, in making up the forms, for the paper, wants something to "fill out," that will occupy about two inches and a half, he looks around with no more discrimination as to the material of his paper than a mason would use in the selection of a brick from a pile of uniform quality, and "Jo's" Indian and whisky story is just as hable to go in as a sample brick of Democratic wit as anything else of about that length that may be lying around.

It does not make any difference if right next to "Jo's" joke there is an account of how his friend Judge Marshall Buford has fled a drunken maniac through the city at midnight, and trembling with horror and bleeding from wounds has been captured and sent to an insane asylum; the same paper in an adjoining column may tell of how a well reared young man in a fit of drunkenness walks up behind our good citizen Mr. Wilson, and for no reason on earth except he was drunk, drives a knife to its hilt into Mr. Wilson's bosom, or tells of how drunken men at Fallmouth, in Kentucky, with shot guns scatter the brains of a noble officer over the lintel of his own door, or how a drunken gang run a Kentucky Judge off the bench, and shoot at him as he swims a river, or how a "moonshiner" shoots United States Marshal Rogers in the back, through his

window at night, while for months thousands of Kentuckians inquire anxiously every day if he is living, and reporters go to see and tell about him, and tell how his aged mother traveled through rain and storm on horseback over mountains, and staid by him and watched and worked day and night, until with labor and exhaustion broke, and she died, and they buried her while tears welled up from the heart and streamed from the eyes of nearly every faithful old mother in Kentucky.

The hilarity from "Jo's" Indian and whisky tale is supposed by every Democratic editor in the State to mingle most harmoniously with those tears, and the whisky blotted Democratic ward politician whose breath stinks with whisky and tobacco, and the nasty tales that he tells is supposed to split his sides over "Jo's" ineffable humor.

The country Democratic physician, who talks at cross roads, and who from being with families where affliction naturally followed in the wake of his ministrations, and who has thus gotten to the hearts of the people, not second to the family minister, though the horse laugh of the town humorist not required of him, is at least expected to smile when he tells of how funny a man "Jo" is.

Then when "Jo" catches a little United States Senator by the ear and jerks him around, there is not a paper in Kentucky, Democratic or Republican that would dare to inquire if the redoubtable "Jo" would probably have done this had the offending party been John Morissey, the New York slinger Congressman, instead of a little defenceless Senator, who may reasonably have feared to resist a man from a State whose distinction was whisky and pistols, and where the crime of using the latter was extenuated by the crime of using the former, on the principle, "similia similibus curantur."

Then when "Jo" undertakes to bulldoze a fellow out West where they know something about pistols as well as they do in Kentucky, and the fellow, to "Jo's" surprise, is ready for a fight and wants to meet "our Jo" out on the duelling field, and every Democrat in the State that has been whooping "Jo" up is looking for a duel, the gory details of which the newspaper reporters are already outlining in their minds, there comes the mortifying intelligence that follows all the duelling fiascos of these degenerate days, that "friends have interfered," and the *amende honorable* has been served up *a la mode*, and the fat is in the fire, the dog is dead, the jig is up, the fun is all spoiled, and the "quiver" of expectancy lapses into disappointed lassitude.

Think of the familiarity that among high-toned people breeds contempt, when every bumper and saloon keeper and rural rooster of a Democratic editor habitually speaks of a United States Senator, who is going down the hill of life, as "Jo."

Think of the contemporaries and personal friends of Webster, Calhoun, and John Randolph, and Alexander Hamilton calling them "Dan," and "Jack," and "Smart Aleck."

As I said in the beginning, Senator Blackburn's case is not one that gives the Prohibitionists any trouble.

If you give a man a little arsenic, it will kill him, but if you give him a teaspoonful he may vomit it up and it may not hurt him.

Senator Blackburn's gross views of the whisky question and of the Kentucky code, is a whole table-spoonful of political arsenic, and it goes down and comes up again with but little more nausea than a man would feel who had swallowed that much musty corn meal.

But the fellow that keeps us Prohibitionists out is that sweet scented geranium yelet "Silver Tongue" by a sort of Hiawatha nomenclature. He gets away with me, and I don't know how to come back at him. O, dear no, he would not drink whisky for any thing. His great noble generous Christian soul would have given that Indian the quart of whisky and a Sunday School tract besides and would have promised him a whole original package of whisky if the Indian would agree to help the neighbor. "Silver Tongue's" cousin Clifton out of that Clayton racket in Arkansas, and he would have sent that original package just as sure as he could have sent it.

You see a noble generosity like that of "Silver Tongue" stands in striking contrast with that of "Jo" that would not give "poor Jo" even a drink of whisky. It's hard to down a man like "Silver Tongue." Such men, like Banquo's old chestnut ghost, will not "down at the bidding" of ye Prohibition crank, and if they do down him for a while, they find that "it's hard to keep a good man down," as the whale said when he found that Jonah would not lie on his stomach and he had to wade ashore and "cast" him up.

"Silver Tongue" goes to Washington and gets in his work for whisky by his vote for the "original package bill," but when he comes home you don't hear the newspapers saying anything about his going to the races and getting turned over in a buggy as he goes home, by running against a blasted rock that was dissipating a little and had gotten itself off the side of the road into the middle of the turn-pike.

No, "Silver Tongue" doesn't go to the races, doesn't say "dam," either in horse talk or profanity, doesn't chew tobacco, smoke a pipe, tell nasty stories or commit any of the conventional peccadilloes of the Kentucky regulation politician.

But with a mellifluous cadence he would talk as sweetly as if he were yet in the pulpit, and will "roar" you as gently as sucking "dove" in words that exhale a holy perfume on the circumambient air, as they fall like petals from the last rose of summer.

If somebody will manage that political Adonis, that mundane angel from whose shoulders the wings are sprouting for the realm of harps and palms, this champion of whisky and Sunday School's the Bluegrass Blade and I will try and set up with "Jo" and all the Lexington editors and beer jokers just by our two lone selves.

But "Silver Tongue" is too much for me.

Now I am going to say the ugliest thing that I ever said in any newspaper or anywhere else, and people who want to stop their papers on account of it are requested to send in their cards all at once, and let me get through the job of taking their names off my list.

I never swore an oath in my life, but last summer a blasted old stray cow got into my hay field and I tried to drive her out. "The hay was the thickest I ever saw grow on the ground, and to run through it was as hard as running through a snow drift four feet deep. But instead of being cold it was hot as the dickens, and the sweat rolled off me like shot off a shovel.

I ran the damned old cow for a mile and a half through that standing timothy, and when I finally broke down she was at the furthest corner of the field from the only gate into it, and the field was inclosed by a new wire and picket fence and a strong, new plank fence.

That old stray cow had knocked down fourteen dollars worth of hay and was still tramping around in it where you could not see much of her but her horns sticking up. I was so mad I didn't know what to do, and I came so near swearing, if I did not do it, that I went to the house and confessed to my wife, and let the old cow tramp down about four dollars' worth more.

But I'll tell you what I have concluded: When I do swear my first oath I am not going to waste it upon the desert air of a pachydermatous stray cow. I am going to swear one that the natives will recollect, like they do "Uncle Toby's" oath in "Tristram Shandy."

I am going to wait until I get an appreciative audience, and I am going to raise my hand toward high heaven, and say, —

...  
**A Stockholder of The Blade Refuses to Pay His Subscription.**

Nov. 8th, 1890.  
Mr. C. C. Moore,

Dear Sir—I have this morning received your second circular letter requesting that I remit ten dollars to you in lieu of my subscription to the incorporated company originally proposed for the publication of The Blue Grass Blade.

I do not consider myself in any way bound to you for this sum, and beg to say without unkindness to you, that I disapprove of your conduct of the paper. I must therefore

decline to support your paper in the manner you ask.

Very Respectfully Yours,  
J. D. HUNT.

Judge Hunt is the third gentleman who has refused to pay his stock subscription to the Blue Grass Blade.

The first one a banker, Mr. William Sayre, declined to do it on the ground that he had signed his name, and written the figure 1, the latter under the heading "Number of shares," not knowing what he was doing.

The second, Dr. Oxford declined to pay because he said that in my plan his stock could not be represented.

Judge Hunt says he declines to pay because he does not "consider himself in any way bound."

Of course I would not now have Judge Hunt's money, but I must show why I consider that he has treated me with great injustice, in order that those whom it may concern may understand the radical change in my estimate of him.

So far as any personal kindness to him is concerned, I shall be as ready to extend it, should an occasion offer, as I ever have been, but an indiscriminate exhibition of regard for those who do right and for those who do wrong is neither good morals nor justice to my friends; whom I claim as my friends because they are just and generous.

I do not think that the case of Judge Hunt is either of these.

He plainly says that the ground upon which he declines to pay his subscription to the stock of the Blade is that he disapproves of the conduct of the paper.

As the plainly printed contract that he signed did not commit the paper to any line of conduct, he has no ground to claim a release from his obligation to pay his stock subscription because of any line of conduct that the paper may have adopted.

Common business intelligence should have suggested to Judge Hunt that he had no right to set up such a plea. As Dr. Chinn suggested, in his letter to the Gazette, here were over a hundred gentlemen who represented interests as antipodal as preaching the gospel and conducting a State university on the one hand, and running race horses and selling whisky on the other.

These gentlemen were white and black, were Prohibitionists, Democrats and Republicans. They were most enthusiastic Christians, and enthusiastic infidels of different shades.

Why Judge Hunt under these circumstances should have picked himself out of all these gentlemen any of whom are his peers, as being pre-eminently the man whose views at propriety were to be consulted in the editing of the paper, can only be accounted for on the supposition that he has made a mistake, or that he attaches to himself an importance entirely inconsistent with his conceded modesty.

Before the issuance of the first number of the BLADE, as a business transaction I would not have discounted Judge Hunt's financial obligation to me at one per cent. without recourse.

After the issuance of the first number and the meeting of the stockholders in the Court House, Judge Hunt's obligation to pay his stock was, if possible intensified by the ratification of that meeting. The animus of the meeting was, that they felt the moral and business obligation to pay me as per agreement, but that they had a right to release themselves from any moral responsibility for the tone of the paper. The evident justice of this position I publicly recognized, and the meeting ended with that understanding without a demurrer from Judge Hunt.

A number of the parties present paid me their subscription at the time, others of those present have since paid me, none have declined to pay me, and I believe all will pay me except Judge Hunt.

I do not want to appear as possibly making an *ex parte* statement of this case, acknowledging my great liability to error, and sincerely asking justice to Judge Hunt, if any other stockholder, who was present at that meeting, thinks Judge Hunt is right in his view, and I tell I am wrong, that he will so state in a communication to THE BLADE, that will be published without reply by me, however disadvantageous to me it may be.

I will not, however, pay any attention to any defence of Judge Hunt, that may appear in any other paper.

If Judge Hunt claims release from his obligation on the ground

that the meeting was informal and without parliamentary organization, then Judge Hunt pleads an advantage of his own *fort*, he having been most earnestly requested by the whole house, including myself, to act as chairman on the occasion.

In addition to this, as a means of granting release from this stock subscription to such as wished to be released, I published in a conspicuous place my willingness then to release them, with a request that all who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity to be released should then so notify me, as I should determine my business of publishing the paper in accordance with their replies, or, I think, words to that effect, which could readily be gathered from the general tenor of the whole paper. The paper has gone regularly to Judge Hunt, and that he has read it is admitted in his statement that he disapproves of its tone.

Neither Judge Hunt nor any other availed themselves of my offered release, and after allowing all abundant time to do so, I, in good faith, made business arrangements, based upon the tacitly admitted obligation to pay me, as agreed upon, and having, as I thought, abundant right to rely upon their honor as gentlemen and their integrity as business men. I, under this conviction, assumed financial responsibilities as I would not otherwise have done.

That Judge Hunt was willing for me to proceed under the business assumption alluded to is recognized by him in the fact that he did not allege any misapprehension on my part on his receiving my first notification of his alleged indebtedness to me.

To the accuracy of my statement as being such, to the best of my knowledge, I am willing to be qualified. I have no thought of any purpose to attempt to collect Judge Hunt's subscription by law, but though he has been a Circuit Judge, and I never stood as an attorney before a bar, I believe I could go into court as my own attorney, before a jury of Fayette County gentlemen, who had been legally impeached, and compel Judge Hunt to pay me.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Both Should Unite in Supporting the Prohibition Party Candidates.

Dr. M. E. Durham, in a very excellent sermon, delivered recently in Utica and reported by The Daily Press, says:

"Any day when labor rises in its might at the ballot box, the policy of power, the course of legislation and the disposition of capital will be in its hands; and so, when labor is weary of oppression at the hands of capital in this country, it can redress its own wrongs by the legitimate means in its possession."

Labor is oppressed by capital in various ways, aside from the inadequate pay for the work done. Great corporations water their stock, give to shares of stock fictitious values, and add to the cost of manufacture or transportation sufficient to make a large percentage of dividends on their watered stock; and the laboring classes, who are the chief consumers, have to pay it. This is simply legalized robbery, and all watering of stocks ought to be prohibited. By the side of this stands exemption of capital in government bonds from taxation.

A Vanderbilt with \$20,000,000 has no taxable personal property, while a poor laboring man, struggling, economizing to get a little home in which to shelter his family, must pay on the last farthing of his possessions. True, these bonds were exempted from taxation as an inducement to have them taken when the country was fighting for its national life, and that may have been well at the time; but the war is a quarter of a century past; those bonds are at a premium; why continue this exemption from taxation in the new issue? Let the workingman with a ballot in his hand answer the question.

How are workingmen to obtain relief through the ballot? The leading parties in our country are run by money contributed mainly by capitalists. In view of this fact a single Vanderbilt or Carnegie has more weight in their plans than a hundred thousand workingmen. And it cannot be otherwise so long as these parties require millions of dollars at every important election with which to buy "votes." Money to these parties is as right hands, and their left hands are the saloons. The essential difference between them is in being run by different sets of politicians. How can workingmen hope to obtain permanent relief as long as parties run by whisky and money are kept in power? Who will answer—Central New York News.

## GROCER AND SALOONIST.

One of our contemporaries is struggling with the question why some men cheerfully pay five cents for a glass of whisky, but regard five cents as an outrageous price for a newspaper, which, published at great expense and labor, gives him the history of the world for a day. It really seems as if the willingness to pay is in inverse proportion to the usefulness and permanence of the article obtained. The liquor seller not only gets high prices without crumblings, but he is paid in cash, while the grocer, the baker and tailor are beaten down to the last cent, and have to wait long and sometimes in vain for their pay.—Toronto Globe.

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E. D. SAYRE. J. W. SAYRE. E. D. SAYRE, JR.  
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